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The Missile



DECEMBER, 1915

PETERSBURG ISSUE

Petersburg High School

Petersburg, Virginia



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Non qui multum, sed qui bene

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1915

NO. 2

PETERSBURG, VA.

Just let your mind, if so inclined,
Go wandering round the earth,
To places where you've had your share
Of happiness and mirth.
You'll think, may be, of great Paree—
Before the war 'twas gay—
But soon you'll smile and dream awhile
Of Petersburg, V-A.

Of London smoke you've made a joke
And yet rare sport was there,
And Rome brings up that sparkling cup
In which you drowned dull care.
Of Bukharest you think with zest,
Vienna, made for play,
But after all you will recall
Petersburg, V-A.

Some good towns rise to kindly skies
This side the ocean blue,
Where you have found the glass goes round
In fellowship that's true.
New York's all right, Chicago's quite
A place, I'm free to say;
Good traits they've got, but still they're not
Like Petersburg, V-A.

Charms by the score has Baltimore,
And Philadelphia's fine,
In New Orleans one always means
To linger and to dine;
Good cities all, on you they call
To stop there on your way,
But though you stop, a train you hop
For Petersburg, V-A. —Estelle Prosser.



PETERSBURG

1. Standard Church
2. Site of Fort Henry
3. Battersea
4. Original Location of
Petersburg Glass Works
5. Present Location of
Petersburg Glass Works
6. Golden Bull
7. Peter Jones Trading Station
8. East Mill
9. Lefebvre's Headquarters
10. Lee's Headquarters
11. Grant's Headquarters
12. St Paul Church
13. Atlantic Coastline Depot
14. Union Depot
15. General Andrew Dept.
(Union Street Station)
16. Seaboard Air Line Depot
(Market Street Station)

Petersburg Yesterday and Petersburg To-day.



NOT a great while ago some one said that, if George Washington would come back to life, there were only two places in Virginia that he would recognize: one is Alexandria, the other is Petersburg. Another story is told of a dying man who was asked if he would like to live his life over just as he had lived it. The reply was, "Yes, except for the three days I spent in Petersburg." Behind the humor of this quotation lies hidden the fact that for many years Petersburg saw few changes.

Here perhaps more than in any other place in Virginia the culture and refinement of the Southern people are shown. The great Civil War waging in all its fury around Petersburg inspired patriotism in these people. The several historic places around this city are held sacred in the memories of the old soldiers, and this same patriotic feeling is being inspired in the younger generation.

In and around this city there are beautiful old homes which have been and still are the seats of old Virginia hospitality. Some of the cultured and refined families who for so long controlled the affairs of the city are still living. They love, honor, and respect Petersburg as a child respects an old soldier. It is probably through this love for the ancient city that Petersburg has not progressed more rapidly. Everyone wishes to keep the same ideas and customs which have for so long ruled this city. The older people are afraid of destroying these principles and dishonoring the city's historic name.

For many, many years Petersburg has been filled with large tobacco and peanut factories. These industries have been in the past the most flourishing of the city. The farmers put acres and acres of their land in tobacco and peanuts. The soil in this part of the country is extremely well suited to these products. Petersburg merchants have always made enough

and to spare in these industries; so why should they adopt new customs and industries? Consequently business went along in the same routine year after year.

Several years ago the people realized their need of new customs, ideas, and methods. Since then they have been steadily progressing. Petersburg has all the modern conveniences which any other city has; but even to-day there are those who want to keep things in the old way because their fathers before them had them that way. The business men of the city are awaking to their responsibility and are pushing away the obstacles which confront them.

Although Petersburg may have been called a progressive city some years ago, it did not really deserve that name until last year, when the great powder factory of the Du Pont Company was built on its outskirts. New faces are seen on the streets, new stores are opened, many new languages are spoken, and everything is entirely changed. At the time when Petersburg needed help most, during the present great war, this factory was built, bringing hordes of men, women, and children to Petersburg. Along with them money was brought which saved many of our merchants from bankruptcy. A new crowd is now seen on the streets, and Petersburg has jumped from its ancient ideas and customs to a decidedly new and progressive life. Many of the older people do not like this change which has meant so much to Petersburg; but when they stop and think of what it would have been without these newcomers, and what would have become of many of its merchants, they will not oppose so bitterly that which has been the saving of their beloved city.

The business outlook for the future is exceptionally bright as is evident in the number of stores and homes in the process of erection. Each pupil of the high school will hear the call of our beloved city and can help to make its future all that its loyal citizens are hoping and planning for. Petersburg of the past was the city that our ancestors created; Petersburg of the future must be what we make it.

—JEAN BAXTER STRIBLING, III A GRADE.

The Library Situation in Petersburg



MOVEMENT has been started by the Teachers' Club of Petersburg, the purpose of which is to organize a campaign which will turn the minds of people of all branches of city life to the need of a Public Library. Efforts will be made to arouse the interest of the business men, prominent churchmen, professional men, clubs, lodges, and schools. It is the purpose of this Club to raise money by means of rummage sales, entertainments, tag day, and to try to get the help of Andrew Carnegie and the Du Pont Powder Company. Eventually the city will be asked to help in promoting this cause. The Teachers' Club desires to obtain the promise of as much financial assistance as possible, thereby making lighter the burden which the city will be petitioned to bear.

Let us consider for a moment some of the benefits which will be derived from a Public Library. First, it is a benefit to the individual. It gives to the individual the opportunity to have at command the works of the ages, and increases personal intellect. Then, too, a Public Library serves as a reference for students. The majority of pupils have no library at home. Subjects, such as history, literature, and sciences, with their innumerable references are taught in the schools. Most of what is of value in the way of training is obtained by the *students' own efforts*. Now, if we don't supply the student with the means to help himself, we are not doing our best by him. One will say, "Let him use the school library." This we do, but a big city library can afford a better outlay and a wider range of information.

Again, we are not selfish enough to limit this topic to our own high school pupils. We said to "students," and we do not call our own pupils the only students in the city. There are many employed people not even so fortunate as we. These have nowhere to go to seek information on most

subjects. Who will be so bold as to declare that among our delivery boys there may not be other Farradays, led to great electrical achievements through chance reading?

Secondly, a Public Library is a benefit to the community. It will increase general interest in popular education. There are many people who would read good books, if there were any source or means of obtaining them. It is true we have the Mechanics' Library, which is a very good thing, but that benefits only those who can afford to become members. The average person has no opportunity to read the works of the ages, and enlighten himself on the subjects at issue, except through the newspapers. Having a Public Library would, therefore, serve to raise the intellectual tone of the city. It would also afford pleasure to thousands of people. How could one pass a more pleasant or more advantageous hour than in a Public Library? You have all heard that "Well read people are always a well behaved people."

Certainly Petersburg ought not to fall behind other cities, frequently much smaller, that have the advantages of Public Libraries. This movement towards a Public Library is going to mean a movement towards culture, which has always been associated with the Southern people. Virginia, from the earliest times, has been regarded as leader in scholarship and general culture. Should not Petersburg, a representative city of Virginia, feel her responsibility in maintaining the standard that the ages have set?

Fellow students, I appeal to you! This work must not be left wholly to the Teachers' Club. Let us have a share in it. If we can do nothing else, we can become interested and get our parents interested in this movement. Would it not be an honor for our school to say that we appropriated the first amount towards the building of a Public Library in Petersburg? Let each pupil bring ten cents to school for this purpose. It's a little sum, but even that will help, and I'm sure that all of us want to help; don't we?

—PAULINE BOWMAN, IV A GRADE.

The Spy



DNIGHT! The dark clouds had passed away, the stars twinkled sleepily in the heavens, and a full moon shed its white radiance over the land, making it almost as bright as day. The wind softly stirred the leaves of the trees and then—all was silent.

High upon the cliff a large Colonial house stood out clear and white in the moonlight. Along the edge of the cliff were a few trees and the almost perpendicular path down to the water's edge was hidden by thick, dark shrubbery. Instead of a pier, at the end of the path, there was a group of three large flat rocks, almost as smooth as plank, and projecting about twenty feet into the water. The silvery waters of the Appomattox, rounding the cliff, silently lapped the base of "Point of Rocks," and flowed on into the James.

Suddenly a shot rang out upon the air, and a moment later a canoe containing a man in a gray uniform emerged from the undergrowth along the edge of the water. There was a dark spot upon his sleeve and the muscles of his face twitched as he climbed upon the rock pier, pushed the canoe out of sight behind it, and stood listening a moment.

A twig snapped, there was a rustle in the shrubbery, and a young girl stepped out upon the rocks.

"Barbara," the man said, in a low voice, and made a movement as if to take her in his arms; but she stepped backward eluding him.

Her oval face, in which were set a pair of dark eyes, was pale, and crowned with a mass of dark hair parted in the middle, brought down over her high forehead, and coiled low upon her neck. Her firm white chest arose above the low-cut velvet basque she was wearing, while the moonlight reflected the silver buckles of her black slippers and ruffled the frills of her muslin skirt in the breeze.

The girl laughed lightly, but the smile froze upon her face and she noted the growing spot upon his coat sleeve.

"Billy, you've been wounded!" she cried, tearing her handkerchief into strips.

The man smiled faintly, for the gnawing pain was terrible, and he drew out his knife. Barbara split his sleeve and bandaged the wound.

"That's fine now," he said. "I think it was a stray shot because I was paddling almost entirely in the shadows."

But Barbara shuddered.

She then seated herself on the rock, letting her feet rest upon the edge of the canoe. The man seated himself by her and she smiled coquetishly up at him.

"I was afraid you wouldn't be here," he said.

She laughed lightly, "You know I wasn't afraid, and if I had been I had made up my mind to come, and all the king's horses and all the king's men——"

"I thought perhaps your father decided not to go up to Richmond."

Barbara smiled and replied, "Oh, no, he left hours ago. There's no one at the house but Peg and the servants."

"After all of the rush, those papers I was telling you about don't have to reach General Mahone until Wednesday. But I brought them up from Richmond to-day, and want to get to Petersburg by sunrise. This arm feels a bit uncomfortable, though," he added.

"Billy," Barbara said suddenly, "You must come up to the house and stay to-night. Your arm must have attention or the result might be serious."

"Barbara, dear," he protested weakly, "I couldn't think of it. I must go on to Petersburg to-night."

A paroxysm of pain crossed his face, and he leaned back weakly against the rocks.

"I'm coming back, Billy," the girl said, lightly jumping up, and a second later she was lost in the undergrowth.

It seemed hours to the man on the rock before she returned, bringing with her Martin, an old negro servant.

Half walking and half leaning on the old darky, Billy Dalmain was carried up the path to the house upon the hill. Thru a large hall and up a long flight of steps they went, Barbara leading the way with a candle to a large room in the west wing of the house.

The old man laid his burden upon the bed and hesitated. The girl motioned him to leave the room, and she knelt by the high poster bed.

"Billy," she whispered, but his eyes had taken on a glassy stare and were gazing at the ceiling.

Barbara hesitated a moment and then—unbuttoning his coat with trembling fingers, she drew out a thick envelope. Hastily rebuttoning the coat, she opened the door and called Martin. When he appeared, she gave him instructions about caring for Dalmain, and then crept down the dark stairs and out of doors.

The girl started towards the cliff, but fear seized her and she leaned against the house in the shadow, her heart beating violently. Should she give up the papers? Maurice would be there in a half hour at the most and demand them. Still she could tell him that Dalmain did not come—that she did not have them. Then came the thought, why was she hesitating now? She had spied on Dalmain for a month. She had flirted with him and made him believe that she loved him. She had begged him into promising to meet her at the Point to-night, and then she had let her lover shoot him. She had exchanged her self-respect for a Yankee's love. Barbara grew cold. When she thought of the cold stern man, as he had told her to persuade Dalmain to come here to-night, she shuddered. No, this was not love; it was fear. And then Barbara thought of Dalmain, and the hot blood surged through her veins. This fascinating young Southerner had laid his heart at her feet, and she was *even now* planning his destruction.

There was a crunching of twigs, a rustle in the bushes, and a man in blue uniform stepped out, facing the girl.

"Well," he spoke in a clear metallic voice, "did you get them?"

For a moment Barbara's heart beat loudly, and the blood thundered in her temples, but she answered quite as coolly,

"I did not. He did not come."

"You lie," Hargrave said, grasping her roughly by the arm, "I saw him myself and shot him twice."

"Take away your hand, Maurice," she answered in a low tense voice, at the same time piercing him with her black eyes.

Hargrave's face took on an ugly look, but he stepped back, releasing her arm.

"Dalmain did not keep his appointment with me," she repeated. "Probably he suspected our plot."

"Barbara, this is a matter of life and death with me. I have to deliver those papers to General Grant at City Point to-morrow morning, and I have worked a month to get them. It's the only way we have to find out if Mahone expects reinforcements. You promised me your aid, but you have failed me."

She snapped from its slender chain, which she wore around her neck, an ivory fan and struck him across the face.

"You coward!" she cried, her features hardening. "You have not lifted a hand to secure those papers. It is I who have done it all. I have been your tool because I thought that I loved you. Now I know it was fascination, because—I hate you!"

"Barbara, girl," the man whispered, in a soft voice, "I love you, I swear it, and—"

She sprang away from him, her eyes blazing.

"You forced me to spy, lie, and steal for you. Do you call that love? To-night you have insulted me, and wounded the man who means more to me than all the world."

Before her piercing look, Hargrave's eyes fell.

"Go!" Barbara commanded, pointing to the cliff, "I wish that I may never see you again."

Hargrave turned and silently disappeared into the bushes, and the next moment Barbara went into the house. She locked the door and silently creeping up to her room, threw herself upon the bed and wept.

* * * * *

The next morning, as the sun arose, some of its golden rays found their way into Barbara's room thru the open window of the old Southern mansion. The girl upon the bed stirred slightly and sat up. She was dressed and had been lying in the same position into which she had thrown herself the night before. She rubbed her eyes sleepily, but suddenly recollections of all that had happened the night before came to her, and hastily slipping from the bed she began her morning toilet, arraying herself entirely in white.

Her toilet over, Barbara went downstairs and out into the garden. The dew still lay upon the flowers, and she gathered a large bouquet of pink rosebuds. At the far end of the garden was a summer house covered with roses and honeysuckle, and she followed the path which led to it.

Now that she must tell Dalmain, it seemed terrible. When Barbara was a little girl she had always shut her eyes very tight when thinking of anything very important, because as she told her mother, "There are so many beautiful things about that I just can't think about the hard disagreeable ones."

Now, from force of habit, she closed her eyes and buried her face in the roses. At a step upon the floor of the summer house, she looked up and saw Billy standing before her, pale but smiling. The blood left her face, and her hands grew cold and clammy.

"How did you know I was here?" she asked, jumping up.

Dalmain laughed lightly, "When I awoke and saw this garden from my window, it seemed such a perfect setting for you. I was sure that I should find you here,—and my surmises were correct," he said.

He drew her to a seat and was raising her hand to his lips when she snatched it away.

"Billy, Billy," she cried, "don't touch me. I am unworthy of your love. When you know what I've done, you'll hate me,—despise me!"

"But, Barbara, dear—" he said.

Barbara did not heed him. "I am a traitor and—a spy. I was engaged to Lieutenant Hargrave, but I knew my father would never consent to my marriage to a Northerner; so everything was kept quiet. When he learned that you were to carry orders from Richmond to Petersburg, he was commissioned to get them. But he was a coward and made me promise to get them for him. From our first meeting that was my intention—to play the part of a Yankee spy. But, Billy, I never dreamed that you would fall in love with me; and when I found that this was the case, I thought that Fate had made the way easier for me. When I learned that last night you were to deliver some important orders to Mahone, I persuaded you to meet me here first, with the determination of securing the orders or——"

The girl left the sentence unfinished and let her eyes drop from Dalmain's face.

"But, Billy, when you lay on the rock wounded, I knew that I loved you, and the affair that had hitherto been a farce was really a tragedy. Even then I did not stop but—," she hesitated and taking the papers from her dress, she thrust them toward him.

"At the last minute, I could not do it!" Barbara buried her face in the roses and was motionless.

Dalmain's face was stern. He did not hate *her*—he hated the man who had forced her, thru her weakness, to do this. He stood up, and raising her in his arms, he lifted her face to his. Her violet eyes were still and sad.

"Little girl," he said softly, "I understand—and forgive."

—G. SPOONER DUNN.



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GLEE CLUB.

At last we have a Glee Club! This is one of the few things that our high school has lacked for many years; but from the interest that is being shown now, we feel safe to say that the lack will never be felt again. Every Thursday morning the auditorium has been nearly filled with hearty supporters. Are you one of them? We did not ask if you could sing, for there are many of us that can not, and never ex-

pect to. But we are training the Glee Club to sing, in order to entertain our visitors, and to enjoy ourselves. Nearly every high school has a similar organization, and we are going to have one to equal the others if every one supports it. The expenses are only ten cents for the first month and five cents for the succeeding months, and before the end of the session we are going to say it was money well spent. We have elected our officers, and a constitution has been drawn up and accepted; and we believe, that with such a directress as Miss Baxter, we are going to have an *up-to-date* and *real* Glee Club.

DEFENSE OF FOOTBALL TEAM.

The school wishes to take this opportunity of commending the football team. We realize that they have lost most of their games, but they know as well as we that winning is not everything. They have put up many good fights for us while we cheered them on, and we are proud of them because they never gave up until the end of the season. We admire them for their vim, and willingly give them the credit which they duly deserve. Only three of the boys from last year's team helped to make up our squad this season, causing many new members to be broken in. They were late starting their games and were therefore wearied with hard and continued practice. Again, the boys were too light in weight for a football team. The smallest boys of last year's equaled the largest this year, and they were greatly outweighed in every one of their games. But we had a fast, plucky team which makes the future look exceedingly bright, for the showing that the boys have made this year has already predicted a winning team next season. Keep it up, boys, and we'll always be ready to support you!

Did you ever, as a child, experience a certain feeling of awe on the eve of your birthday,—the very last day you would be able to say "I am six," or "I am seven?" And

while you were immensely happy and very proud of the fact that you had almost passed that year, did you not for a moment wonder what had become of the other years, and how many more of them there would be? It is with something of the same feeling that we publish this issue of the *Missile*. The January issue will celebrate our fifth birthday. And we wonder what we have accomplished, and why.

Our aim has always been high. To quote from the editorial of the first issue, that of January, 1912: "We shall publish this magazine, which is to be of, for, and by the pupils of the Petersburg High School, in order to place before the eyes of the citizens of our city the progress of our school; to develop whatever literary talent may be in any of our fellow students; to promote to as great a degree as possible a certain personal pride in our school among the pupils; and to bring the parents in closer touch with this, their children's school; and the pupils in closer contact with each other." Such has been our aim. This magazine has always been by the students. They have tried to make it the best possible. If it is good, the praise is due to the whole student body. If not, if you don't think it is what it should be, at least remember that we have aimed high. "'Tis not failure, but low aim is crime."

PETERSBURG AND P. H. S.

No better illustration of the interest and pride of the citizens of Petersburg in the High School is more conclusive than that of the present imposing structure on Washington Street. Much has been said about what the High School ought to do, but little done on their part towards accomplishing these aims and purposes. The students of P. H. S. have been accused of the lack of school spirit, and more truly can we indict the citizens of Petersburg for their inexcusable absence of civic spirit and municipal pride. Ultimately, to encourage the former is to foster the latter. It is, moreover, an established fact that nothing can give the boy or girl a great-

er interest in, and appreciation of Petersburg than its encouragement of their work.

The needs of Petersburg are generally well known. We have heard of clamors for public roads and bridges, chiefly for the benefit of real estate investors; of cries for betterment in the fire, police, and health departments; of demands for street improvements and additional public buildings; of calls for reform in municipal government; and, let it be whispered, even murmurs for a new High School: but least of all have we heard of appeals for that most essential element, popular interest and enthusiasm in the civic welfare; an awakening to realize our conditions and possibilities. In short, the present trance of our citizenry may be largely attributed to the inability or failure to understand and appreciate us, our duties, and our responsibilities. Civic spirit is as indispensable as school spirit. We must confess that there is hardly a city in the United States of more conservative principles than Petersburg. Our conservatism is largely inherent. And whether its decadence is at hand will materially decide the future of Petersburg.

However, we cannot over emphasize the importance of a closer relationship between Petersburg and the High School. That P. H. S. is one of the city's best and most progressive institutions cannot be denied. Its efficiency and high standard of scholarship have certainly placed it among the foremost of the State. Petersburg must realize that in the High School are educated the citizens of to-morrow—the men and women who are to shape the destinies of our city in the next generation.



On Friday night, November 12th, a small but enthusiastic audience was entertained by Miss Louise Alice Williams. Miss Williams told jokes and real events that happened on the old Southern plantations, and her imitation of the old-time darky cannot be praised too highly. The evening was made still more enjoyable by the local talent of our city, which the High School pupils have always found willing to help them. The entertainment was for the benefit of the Athletic Association, and a very nice little sum was realized.

✂ ✂ ✂

Mr. T. in III A Latin: "What kind of a verb is *ingravesceat*?"

Miss Stribling: "I don't know, but I think it's lacking."

✂ ✂ ✂

Miss S., in III A Chemistry: "What is H_2O , and have you ever used any?"

Miss Young: "I don't think so. I never heard of it."

✂ ✂ ✂

Lost: His mind over teaching III A Geometry. If found please return to Mr. Scott.

Miss S.: "What was formed by the union of Castile and Aragon?"

Miss B.: "Soap-suds."



Mr. Miller: (getting rather excited): "How are you going to tell whether it's one men or two men?"



Miss C., in Biology: "How many cubit feet of air does the average person need?"

Mr. A., of II B: "About six quarts."



Mr. J.: "What are you studying in Algebra now?"

Miss M., of II B: "Absurds."



Miss R.: "Give me a sentence with memini in it."

Mr. B., of II B: "O, I remember Caesar."



Miss C., in II B: "I have this construction of a square correct, but I can't make the lines even."



"Give one good rule in regard to sleeping."

Mr. A., of II B: "Don't get up until you are awake."



Among the visitors to our assembly this month have been Mr. McClure of the Second Presbyterian Church, and Mr. LeRoy, the humorous lecturer and cartoonist. Mr. McClure's talk was one of the most instructive and interesting ones we have ever heard, and it is hoped that he will visit us often this year. Mr. LeRoy's humorous lecture was greatly en-

joyed as shown by the laughter and applause which he received. We hope that he will return to the city and visit us again.



Miss M.: "Who was John Brown?"

Mr. F., of 7 B: "John Brown was a fantastical abolitionist."



Mr. Turner (asking about a stove): "Oh, yes. I know, one of those little wood things made of tin."



Notice: *Everybody* come in and see that there is at last a blackboard in room No. 8 that can be written on.



Wanted: Somebody to tell us what we must do to understand "Burke's Conciliation Speech."

Address "Seniors, Room No. 8."



Mr. A., in IV-A German suddenly exclaimed:
"I am crazy."



Mr. M.: "Name some of the historic places near Stratford."

Mr. T.: "Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello."



The IV A's wish it to be known that a certain Miss S. of their class is keeping up her record of always keeping the room perfumed.

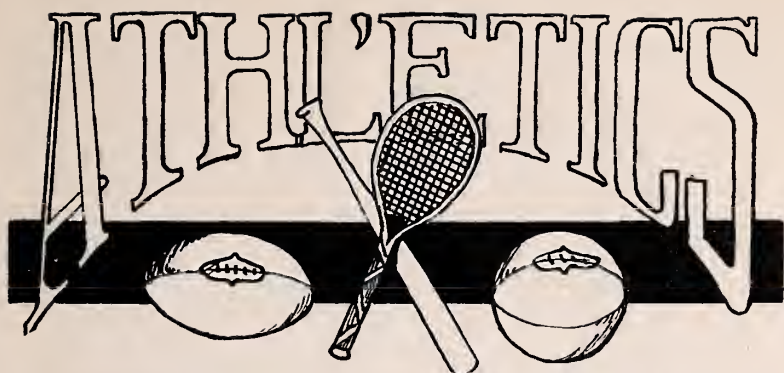
IN MEMORIAM

—

Thomas Atkinson Thweatt

—

1901—1915



On October 2nd, P. H. S. played Hampden-Sidney second team. This team, like all the rest we have played, outweighed us man to man.

The first quarter ended with the score, P. H. S. 0 and H.-S., 0. At the end of the second quarter the score was unchanged. At the beginning of the third quarter we received the kick off and ran the ball back about ten yards. On the next play Mosby, our right end, received a forward pass, and ran 50 yards to be downed within five yards of Hampden-Sidney's goal. On the next play Capt. Rees ran the ball over for a touchdown. We failed to kick goal. No more scoring was done this quarter and the score stood P. H. S., 6; H.-S., 0.

At the beginning of the next quarter H.-S. received the kick-off, and by repeated end runs scored a touchdown. They kicked goal. This made the score 7 to 6 in H.-S.'s favor. No more scoring was done this quarter, though H.-S. threatened our goal and would have made another touchdown, if the end of the game had not prevented.

Our next game was played with Waverly, at Waverly. The boys went down Friday, at 3:30 P. M. and played the game in the Fair Grounds. In this game they were again defeated. The defeat was due to the unequal weight of the teams. G. M. Harrison played the star game for Waverly, while Rees, Burge, Pleasants and Mosby shared honors for P. H. S.

The last game of the season was played with Blackstone Military Academy on Monday, November the 14th. We were

again outweighed, more so than in any other game. Consequently we were defeated again, and by a large score.

Thus ended the 1915 season. Next year we expect to have a very good team, as all of the men will be back. The men who receive letters are as follows: Rees, Burge, Lipscomb, Pleasants, Peebles, Bowie, English, Francis, Jordan, Mosby, Tench, Malone, Jackson and Jones.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES.

On Thursday, November 4th, the girls' basket ball team went to Chester for a game with the C. H. S. girls. A large number of boys and girls went with the team to cheer it on to victory.

The line-up was as follows:

Guard—Clara Sandford. Center—Pauline Bowman.

Guard—Tucker Bryan. Center—Louise Stratton.

Guard—Helen Rogers. Forward—Russell Young.

Forward—Alice McCracken (Capt.)

Center—Elsie Williams. Forward—Florence Roper.

The P. H. S. girls played a snappy game all the way thru, and the first quarter ended with a score of 5 to 0 in their favor.

The players kept up their good work during the second quarter, which ended with a score of 11 to 3, for the P. H. S. girls.

During the last two quarters the Chester girls put up a hard fight, and we had to work hard to keep them from tying our score. However, when the whistle blew for time, we had won 14 to 8. This was the first match game of the season.

After being defeated in the first game, the Chester girls were very dissatisfied and decided to try their luck again. So on Thursday, November 18th, they met the P. H. S. girls on the Petersburg court. The game was called at 4 P. M. The first two quarters were umpired by Miss Ruan of Matoaca School, and the last two by Miss Virginia McKenney. The Chester girls had profited by their loss on November 4th, and after a hard-fought game, the final score was C. H. S. 15, and P. H. S. 6.



Mr. Arthur Scoggin, '11, has recently sailed for England in the interests of the British-American Tobacco Co. Mr. Scoggin is a rising young business man and has the best wishes of P. H. S. for his success.



Misses Beatrice Coleman and Dorothy Spooner, two of our former students, are receiving honors at the Harrisonburg State Normal. Miss Coleman was elected president of one of the literary societies, and Miss Spooner secretary of the Sophomore Class.



Mr. Clifford Harrison, '10, is now adjunct Professor at V. P. I.



Miss Elizabeth Bragg, '15, owing to the absence of one of the faculty, recently substituted at the High School for a few days.

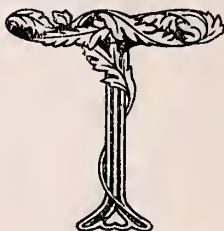
Miss Eleanor Dillon, '13, was graduated from the Harrisonburg State Normal this year and is now a substitute at the D. M. Brown and A. P. Hill Schools.



Mr. Nicholas Munson, '12, was graduated from the University of Virginia this year. Mr. Munson leaves soon for New York.



Miss Nellie Hood, '13, was graduated from the Farmville State Normal.





Exchanges

ALICE RIDDICK, *Editor.*

The X-Ray, Marion, Va., (Sept.)—The poem “Back Again” is exceptionally good. However, “Vivian’s Policy” is the striking feature of your paper. The characters are well drawn and the story nicely written. All in all you have a very interesting little paper; but do you not think it would be made more interesting by adding a few cuts, more jokes, and an Exchange Department?

The Spectrum, Chester, Pa. (Oct.)—There seems to be quite a number of poets in your school. Some of the poems are good, but variety in rhythm is lacking. More stories and fewer poems would add very much to your paper.

Tech Monthly, Scranton, Pa. (Oct.)—Your paper is well arranged. The school notes and class notes, together with the jokes, are fine. There is room for improvement in the Literary Department.

The Torch, Philadelphia, Pa.—Your magazine is among the best that we have received, and the staff is to be praised for its excellent work. The interesting stories, editorials, and other articles, are all worthy of mention. The photographs and cuts form the most attractive part of your paper, and you have every reason to be proud of your school.

The Gleam, St. Paul, Minn.—The staff is to be congratulated on its November issue. The cover is very attractive and appropriate. The various departments are nicely arranged and the stories with the editorials are good.

The Missile acknowledges, with thanks, the following:

The Criterion, Waupaca, Wis; *The Kingfisher*, Kingfisher, Oklahoma; *Tech Monthly*, Scranton, Pa.; *Humboldt Life*, St. Paul, Minn.; *Messenger*, Durham, N. C.; *The Cluster Echo*, Cluster Springs, Va.; *The X-Ray*, Marion, Va.; *The Spectrum*, Chester, Pa.; *The Budget*, Berne, Ind.; *The Tatler*, El Paso, Texas; *The Oracle*, Cincinnati, O.; *The Orange and Black*, Hanover, Pa.; *The Torch*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The World*, St. Paul, Minn.; *The Richmond College Messenger*, Richmond, Va.; *The Virginian*, Norfolk, Va.; *The Mirror*, Pratt, Kansas; *The Scroll*, Milwaukee, Wis.; *Lassell Leaves*, Boston, Mass.; *The Argus News*, Ottumwa, Iowa; *The Yellow Jacket Weekly*, Ashland, Va.; *The Critograph*, Lynchburg, Va.; *The Lowell*, San Francisco, Cal.; *High School Gazette*, Charleston, S. C.; *School Life*, Lockport, La.; *Pasco School News*, Dade City, Fla.; *The Virginia Guide*, Staunton, Va.; *The Red and Black*, Reading, Pa.; *The Student*, Portsmouth, Va.; *The Gleam*, St. Paul, Minn.; *Lemon and Black*, Front Royal, Va.; *The Iris*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Racquet*, Portland, Me.; *The Oracle*, Woodberry Forrest, Va.; *Aurora*, Nome, Alaska.

THRICE TOLD TALES.

HELEN TOWNES, *Editor.*

"How do you know there is a baby in the moon?"

"I saw the sky-rocket."



Ruth: "And would you really put yourself out for my sake?"

Tom: "Indeed I would."

Ruth: "Then do it, please; I'm awfully sleepy."



Smith had a little girl,
The stork left her with a flutter,
They called her oleo-margarine
For they hadn't any butter.



Customer: "Your cream is very good."

Clerk: "It ought to be. I just whipped it."



(It happened in Savannah.)

She leaned back gracefully in a plush-covered chair. From the expression on her face, she seemed to be in a pensive mood. He was standing a few paces behind her examining something in a careful manner. Slowly, yet full of determination, he came towards her. With great gentleness he took her face between his two hands, lowered his head to meet hers, and then looked up and down into her—mouth. He was a dentist.



Voice: "Is this the weather bureau? How about a shower to-night?"

Prophet: "Don't ask me. If you need one, take it."



Beggar: "Please help me to recover my child."

Lady: "Is your child lost?"

Beggar: "No, mum, but his clothes are worn out."

THE BUFFET.

Said the porter on the train,

"Want to eat? Well here you are."

Then up spoke the country swain:

"Sakes alives! A chew-chew car!"



NOT THE PLACE.

The Broadway car was very crowded when the rural couple got aboard. At the door the young man looked doubtfully into the pretty eyes of the blushing girl.

"Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, dubiously.

Whereupon she put her lips to his ear and whispered softly:

"Don't you think, dearie, we'd better wait until we get to the hotel?"



HIS PECULIARITY.

A man who was in the habit of stuttering, was asked why he did so.

"That's my p-p-peculiarity," returned the man. "Everybody has his p-p-peculiarity."

"I have none," asserted the other.

"Don't you s-s-stir your t-t-tea with your right h-h-hand?"

Yes."

"Well, t-t-that's your p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a spoon."



We gazed pityingly on the listless drug store clerk, leaning against the soda counter.

"Haven't you any ambition?" we inquired, kindly.

"No," he replied, with brightening intelligence, "but I have something just as good."

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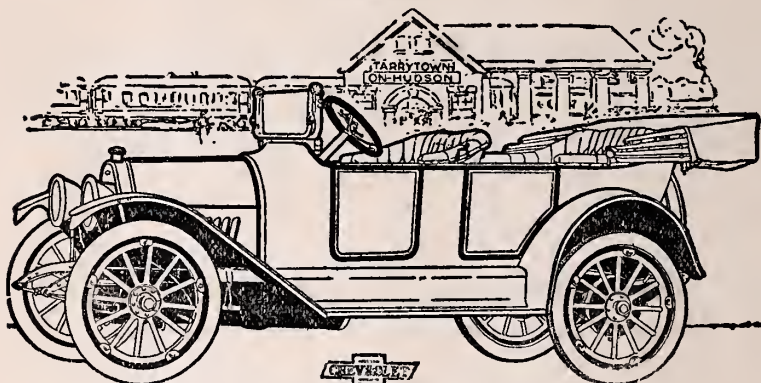
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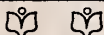
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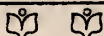
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